A ſigne of dignity, a gariſh flag,
To be the aime of euery dangerous ſhot,
A Queene in ieſt, onely to fill the ſceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doſt thou ioy?
Who ſues to thee, and cries, God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art,
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widdow;
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name;
For Queene, a very catife, crownd with care;
For one being ſued too, one that humbly ſues;
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that ſcornd at me, now ſcornd of me.
Thus hath the courſe of iuſtice whel'd about.
And left me but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more being what thou art,
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my ſorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burdened yoake:
From which, euen here, I ſlip my wearied necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell *Yorkes* wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes will make me ſmile in *France*,
Qu. O thou well skil'd in curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
Q. Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the night, and faſt the day,
Compare deaths happineſſe with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that ſlew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy loſſe make the bad cauſe worſer,
Reuoluing this will teach thee how to curſe.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Q. M. Thy woes will make them ſharp, & pierce like mine
Dut. Why ſhould calamity be full of words? *Exit Ma.*
Q. Windy atturnies to your clients woes,
Aiery ſucceeders of inteſtate ioyes,

Poore

Poore breathing orators of miſeries,
Let them haue ſcope, though what they do impart
Helpe not all, yet do they eaſe the heart.
Dut. If ſo then be not toung-tide, goe with me.
And in the breath of bitter words, lets ſmother
My damned ſonne, which thy two ſonnes ſmotherd
I heare his Drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard, marching with Drumes, and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?
Dut. A ſhe, that might haue intercepted thee,
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wombe,
From all the ſlaughters wretch, that thou haſt done,
Qu. Haſt thou that forehead with a golden Crown
Where ſhould be grauen, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the Prince that owde that Crowne
And the dire death of my two ſonnes, and brothers
Tell me thou villaine ſlaue, where are my children?
Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother *Cla*
And little *Ned* Plantagenet, his ſonne?
Qu. Where is kind *Haſtings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gr*
King. A flouriſh Trumpets, ſtrike alarum Drums,
Let not the heauens heare theſe tel-tale women
Rayle on the Lords Anoynted, Strike I ſay. *The tru*
Eyther be patient, and intreat me faire, *ſo*
Or with the clamorous reports of warre,
Thus will I drownd your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my ſonne?
King. I, I thanke God, my Father, and your ſelfe
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.
King. Maddam I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe,
Dut. I will be mild and gentle in my ſpeech.
King. And briefe good mother for I am in haſt.
Dut. Art thou ſo haſtie, I haue ſtayd for thee,
God knows in anguiſh, paine, and agonie.
King. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy rood thou knowſt it well,
Thou camſt on earth, to make the earth my hell: